

# Wichita Daily Eagle

## PEOPLE OF MANY NATIONS.

PERHAPS the most happily named man in England is Thankful Joy, a Hampshire cricketeer.

Sir LYON PLAYFAIR's name is pronounced as if it rhymed with "offer," but he is not that sort of a man at all.

The only woman in England who is proprietor, editor and manager of a newspaper is Mrs. Compyns, of the Feathered World, the circulation of which paper is 20,000 weekly.

NOBLEMEN in scores were created by Christopher, a negro, who ruled as emperor of Hayti from 1811 to 1820. Among the titles conferred were those of Duke of Marmalade, Count of Lemonade, and Earl of Brandy.

Mr. KASOBI, the Parsee member of parliament, appeared with a copy of the Zend Avesta, on which to take the required oath of office. He was told that he must either take the oath on the New Testament or affirm, and he chose the latter method.

REFERENCE has frequently been made of late to the rapid way in which the prince of Wales was aging. Since the death of his son it has affected his appearance still more, and robbed him of what had been left of the once peculiarly healthy hue of his complexion.

## FUNNY WAYS IN FUNNY LANDS.

THE Isle of Guernsey exacts a tax from all aliens.

THE Mohammedans, it is said, consider silk unclean, because it is produced by a worm.

AMONG the South sea islanders black and white striped goods are even now worn in sign of mourning.

WHEN a child dies in Greenland the native parents bury a living dog with it, the dog to be used by the child as a guide to the other world.

JAPANESE doctors never present bills to their patients. They await the patient's inclination to pay, and then thankfully accept whatever sum is offered.

EVEN to this day certain communities of Buddhists and Mohammedans pray by the hour before their favorite plant or flower. In India this species of worship seems to be the most prevalent.

In China the cobbler still goes from house to house, announcing his approach with a rattle, and taking up his abode with the family while he accomplishes the necessary making and mending.

## WORLD'S FAIR.

OVER Michigan's building at the world's fair will stand a large American flag, made of Belding silk by the women of Ionia county, that state.

THE Miners' association of Nevada county, Cal., is arranging to have a small stamp mill in full operation at the world's fair as a part of its mineral display.

In the Minnesota building at the world's fair will be exhibited the old printing press upon which the first newspaper printed in the state—the Minnesota Pioneer—was run off in 1849.

It is announced that the postmaster general of the United States has decided to issue a new series of postage stamps, with designs appropriate to the commemoration of the discovery of America.

In the Missouri building at the world's fair will be displayed a huge map of the state nine and one-half feet wide and twelve feet long, showing the counties and statistics as to the amount and value of the product of each for 1891.

## LITERARY LITTER.

DAVIDED approves of women writers, and admits that "a woman can so often say things that we cannot express in just language."

RUDYARD KIPPLING has secured his architect's plans for the cottage on the Balesier farm near Budeleboro. It will cost \$10,000; the work of erecting it will be done next winter.

MARION CRAWFORD was born at Locca in 1845. "Sam" Ward abandoned the idea that Crawford would be known as "Sam Ward's nephew" as soon as he read the young man's first book, "Mr. Isaacs."

MARSHAL MACMURDO's souvenirs are to fill three or four volumes, which will appear within two years at the latest. He has almost completed the work, which begins with his experiences as a captain in the African expedition of 1857. The marshal is now 54 years old.

## PERSONAL PARTICULARS.

A BROOKLYN actress named Brown spells her name Brougline.

GEN. NATAN KIMBALL, who is called by his friends the hero of Winchester, is now postmaster at Ogden, Utah.

PRESIDENT GIBBERS of the American Federation of Labor receives more than 100 letters per day. He owns a capacious waste basket.

Mr. HARRISON is quoted as saying that the worst feature of executive life is the vast amount of hand-shaking and document-signing the president is forced to undergo.

Miss CONE E. THOMAS, of Hanover, Pa., who is visiting her mother at Liberty, Ind., is 30 years of age, 35 inches in height, 30 inches around the waist and weighs 30 pounds. In all her actions and habits she is still a child.

SHORT RAILROAD RUMBLINGS.

THE first horse railroad was built in 1826.

AMERICAN street railroads employ 71,000 men.

An express engine consumes ten gallons of water per mile.

In the year ending June 30, 1890, the railways of this country carried 492,450,000 persons.

A STREET car line is now being built in Tashkent, the capital of Russian Turkistan, by a French company.

A TRENTON company has subscribed \$1,000,000 to perfect machinery to run street cars by means of compressed air.

RAILROAD enterprise supplied a watermelon with each ticket on the occasion of a recent celebration in southern Texas.

## Tis for Tat.

BROTHER—I am surprised, Emily, that you should have such bad taste as to wear the hair of another woman on your head.

SISTER—And I am surprised that you should wear the wool of another sheep on your back, and shoes of the leather of another calf on your feet.

## THE ANGRY BOY.

He has taken his toys and gone home, And refuses to play any more; The jack-the-box, and the little tin dog, And the cat that roared over the door; He is pouting, and thinks he's aggrieved, But truly, what vexes him most Is to find his himself who is wrong, In spite of his home-going boast.

He has taken his toys and gone home, And refuses to play any more; The old Noah's ark, with its windows creaking, And his glimmering half-opened door; He has taken the animals out, And piled them along on the shelf, And martyr-like, there on his chair, He mopes and he sulks by himself.

He has taken his toys and gone home, And refuses to play any more; His quaint wooden soldiers with swords in their hands, And the red uniforms that they wore, Are gleefully standing in line, And hushed is the rattle-dub drum, While their juvenile captain near by is vainly chewing his thumb.

He has taken his toys and gone home, And refuses to play any more; Well, well, let him go, it was no great surprise, He threatened to do it before; He considered laugh long by the wayside, And a robin pipes sweet from a spray, And violet smiles from the grass, While above are the blossoms of May.

—EMERSON McCaffrey, in N. Y. Independent.

## The "Model" Girl.

HE "model" girl walked slowly about the studio, peering into all its mysterious corners. She studied seriously the pictures and sketches that were scattered about. She did not glance at them, and say that some were "very pretty," as another little girl might have done, but paused gravely before one that pleased her fancy, and as gravely passed judgment upon it. Then she went on to another, and as deliberately scrutinized that.

"I wish Mr. Farnham would keep his engagements a little more promptly," she sighed. She was fond of talking to herself when there was no one about—the sound of her voice made her feel less lonesome.

"Though, of course," she went on, "I'm paid by the hour, whether I do anything or not. But somehow it doesn't seem exactly right to take money when I just wait and do nothing. Oh, there he is now!"

A step sounded in the other room, and the Japanese portiere began to tinkle under the sweep of an impatient hand.

But the tall young man who strode into the studio was not Mr. Farnham, but a much younger and handsomer person. He stopped in the middle of the room and looked steadily at the "model girl."

"Are you all alone, little girl? I thought I heard voices," he said. "I was only thinking aloud," she replied, quickly. "Mr. Farnham is not in just now, but the little colored boy says he will be back directly."

John Lennox smiled. "The little colored boy," Farnham's studio servant, was fourteen years old, while the maid before him seemed scarcely ten.

"May I ask your name?" said Lennox, seating himself and studying with amusement the pretty, demure little figure before him.

"It's Elizabeth French. I'm a model girl."

"A model girl!" Lennox echoed.

"Not a model girl," Elizabeth explained, "but a model girl—I pose, you know."

"Oh, I see!" said Lennox.

"You are an artist," said Elizabeth, "and you must know very well what a model is."

"How do you know I'm an artist?"

"Oh, artists are not like other people," said Elizabeth, sagely. "They're different."

"In what way?"

"Oh, sometimes it's their hair and sometimes it's the expression in their eyes, and sometimes it's the way they walk. My father was an artist. That's why I know all about them. He painted very well, I think, though he

didn't sell many pictures. He was an impressionist. People don't seem to care much for impressionist pictures. But I mean to be an artist myself when I grow up," she added, modestly, "and I think I shall paint like my father."

Lennox tried to keep his amusement out of his face.

"I'm an impressionist myself," he said. "But you said when you grow up, I thought you were grown up years ago, fifty or a hundred, at least."

"Oh, you are making fun," she said, laughing politely. "I'm only eleven, you know."

"And how do you like posing?"

"It's pleasant enough when you only have to sit still. But when it's a standing pose I get rather tired. I like to pose for Mr. Farnham—he always remembers when the time for rest comes."

"I should hope so," said Lennox.

"But there's Miss Fleck—she never seems to think a model may get tired like other folks. She paints Christmas cards and valentines and such things in water colors; and would you believe—she always paints my hair red! It isn't red, is it? She leaned anxiously toward Lennox.

"No, indeed, Miss Fleck must be color-blind. It's the prettiest golden brown I ever saw."

"That's what I always thought," said Elizabeth, with a gleam of triumph in her eyes. "Then Miss Fleck always chooses such tiresome poses! It isn't very easy to look as if you were running when you're just leaning forward on one foot. Did you ever try to stand that way?"

"I can't say that I ever did," Lennox had to admit. "I should fall flat on my nose, I'm sure."

"And then she always makes me smile so much. One day I had to keep on smiling when my mother was very ill at home. At last I just burst out crying. It was silly, of course, and Miss Fleck was very angry. Did you ever have to smile when you wanted to cry?"

"Perhaps I have, dear."

He took Elizabeth's little hand and stroked it gently, being much moved by the unconscious pathos of her revelations.

Just then the little colored boy stuck his woolly head through the portiere.

"Mr. Farnham just phoned out that he can't come up to-day to-day, Miss French," he announced. "He says he's sorry, but he can't help it now. He's been to-moh."

"Thank you, Jeff," said Elizabeth, with dignity. Then she turned to her new friend and gave him a grave little bow of farewell.

"So you and Elizabeth have become acquainted?" said Farnham, a few days later, to Lennox. "Well, she's worth knowing. The most original charming little old maid in all New York! She supports her mother and herself by her posing."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, French, poor fellow, died two years ago of pneumonia. Too much devotion to art. Used to paint stormy autumn scenes, you know, and sat out in the wind and rain once too often. He painted things full of feeling. Of course the public didn't appreciate them, and as he wouldn't paint pot-boilers, his family were probably no richer than they are now."

"Couldn't the widow earn anything?"

"Mighty little. After his death she tried literary work, I believe; but she's an invalid, and the strain was too much for her. She simply had to leave off or die, poor thing! So she folded her hands, and thought what in the world would become of them."

"Then the little girl took to posing?"

"Yes, I knew she could pose well, young as she was, for I had often seen her do it for her father. 'Why not let her pose for money?' I said. 'Her fresh, round, sweet face is just what artists who paint children are looking for.' Of course Mrs. French was horrified at first—said the child was too young to go round in low attire, and all that sort of thing. But there really was no other way to keep them from starvation, and Elizabeth has been the head of this little family of two ever since. No one presumes to call her Bessie or Lizzie."

"Such a dignified, clever little creature!" said Lennox.

"And such a capital critic! I declare that if I've painted a thing that she doesn't quite approve of I'm actually afraid to send it off to an exhibition!"

John Lennox had just returned from a long absence in Paris to pitch his tent in New York. After some little delay in choosing quarters he opened a studio in West Fifty-seventh street. Elizabeth posed for him occasionally and they became the best of friends.

"I should like to take you with me to New Jersey one of these fine days, Elizabeth," said Lennox one morning. "I want to pose a few bright effects with figures in the snow. Do you think your mother would consent, if I promised to take good care of you, and jump after you if you fell off the ferryboat?"

"Miss Fleck lives in Hoboken, and I've often been on the ferry," said Elizabeth, smiling. "There's really no danger, you know!"

Lennox obtained Mrs. French's consent, and he and Elizabeth thereafter passed many afternoon hours in the sweet-smelling Jersey marshes.

The last and best study of all was of Elizabeth, in a bright red gown, kneeling in a sea of starry-eyed daisies, plucking them with a tender yet eager look.

The figure was almost life size. Through the whole picture the intense sunlight streamed. Slight as the motive of the picture was, Lennox felt that it was the best thing he had ever done. He had worked rapidly upon it, fearing that his inspiration or the sunlight might fall before it was finished.

It was nearing completion one fine afternoon, when Lennox got up from his stool, stretched his tired arms and said:

"I'm as hungry as a bear. I can see that you're tired, too, Miss Elizabeth. I'll go up to Mr. Holt's farmhouse, and see if they can let us have a quart of milk. Do you want to go with me?"

"I'll wait here," said Elizabeth. "Some one might steal your picture."

"No fear of that!" said Lennox, laughing. "They're not impressionists in New Jersey. But I'll be back in a few minutes, my dear."

Off he started, whistling blithely. When he had got the milk, he stopped to chat a moment with the farmer's kindly wife.

"I took a peek at you 'other day," said Mrs. Holt, "and the way that little maid knelt there in her red dress in them poses was as pretty a sight as I ever see. Holt says he's going to New York to see that picture when it's hung up. Says he'd like to buy it himself, if he had money enough. La! there he is now."

"I thought you'd gone home," drawled Holt, solemnly shaking hands with Lennox. "Ain't that little gal o' yours along to-day?"

"I left her in the meadow. She was afraid some one might steal my picture."

"Land o' Goshen!" gasped Holt. "I jest let that Durham bull o' mine loose in that meadow lot! I thought you must 'a' gone home long ago!"

"Jabez Holt!" screamed Mrs. Holt, rushing for the door. "If their child is killed—"

All three ran toward the meadow. Lennox's heart was beating with a wild alarm. Presently they heard loud screams. The artist hardly dared to look before him. They could hear the angry mutterings of the bull.

As they neared the fence of the meadow, Mrs. Holt began laughing hysterically.

"Did you ever see anything! so ridiculous in all your born days?" she gasped.

"Oh, thank Heaven!" gasped Lennox. "She's not dead!"

"Dead!" cried Mrs. Holt. "More alive! you or me! I should say! Did you ever see the like? That little creature on this side the fence a-hollerin' and a-shakin' her dress, and a-aggravatin' that bull fit to kill!"

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# Wichita Wholesale & Manufacturing Houses.

The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

ESTABLISHED 1886  
CORNER & FARNUM  
ROYAL COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS  
The only Coffee Roasters and Spice Grinders in the state of Kansas. Carry a full line. Lowest prices. Teas, Coffee, Spices, Herbs, Baking Powders, Extracts, Cigars, Spray Yeast, Etc.  
112 & 114 South Emporia Avenue.

CHAS. LAWRENCE,  
Photographers & Supplies!  
102 E Douglas Avenue,  
Wichita, Kan. Telephone Connection

WICHITA BOTTLING WORKS.  
BOTTLES OF ZIMMERMAN'S Prop.  
Bottlers of Ginger Ale, Champagne, Cider, Soda Water, Standard Nerve Food, and General Western Agents for Wm. J. Lemp's Extra Pale Cor. First and Waco Sts., - Wichita.

GEO. H. LLOYD & Co  
Harness and Saddlery.  
Saddlery Hardware, Leather, Lap Ropes, Etc.  
401 E. Douglas Ave. Wichita, Kan.

ROYAL WORCESTER CUTLERY IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD.  
A WRITTEN WARRANTY GIVEN WITH EACH SHEAR, RAZOR, OR KNIFE.  
All ROYAL WORCESTER SCISSORS and SHEARS are full nickel-plated, and guaranteed to cut and hold their edge. Our prices on nickel-plated scissors range from 60 Cents to \$1.00, or nickel-plated shears from 60 Cents to \$2.00.  
On guaranteed bows and nickel-plated blade shears, from \$1.00 to \$1.50. Burton's safety razors, from \$1.00 to \$1.50. Embroidery scissors, from 60 Cents to \$1.00. Ladies' desirable reliable scissors or shears should ask their dealer for the ROYAL WORCESTER BRAND (and take no others), as they are warranted. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us the advertised price, and we will send same, postpaid, 10 Cents extra for registering by mail.  
MCKNIGHT & CO., 352 NORTH MAIN STREET, WICHITA, KANS.  
For sale by the Leading Hardware Dealers in the City.

L. C. JACKSON,  
DISTRICT AGENT FOR  
SANTA FE COALS,  
AND JOBBER OF BUILDING MATERIALS.  
112 S. 4th AVE. WICHITA, KAN.

WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCERY CO.  
Wholesale Grocers,  
OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 213 TO 223 SOUTH MARKET STREET  
Keep everything in the grocery line, show cases, scales and grocery fixtures. Also sole proprietors of the "Royalty" and "La Inocencia" brands of Cigars.

Electrical Supply and Construction Company  
Dealers in electrical supplies of every description.  
We install or repair all kinds of electrical machinery or appliances. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Estimates furnished free of charge.  
250 North Main Street

Hearing voices, Elizabeth looked round and smiled, still fluttering her red gown at the bull.  
"I'm keeping him away from your picture, Mr. Lennox," she called out. "He thought the picture was a real little girl in a red dress, I guess, and you know cows don't like red. So he was my dear, but I guess you're 'bout right. You air a model gal, and no mistake!" said Mrs. Holt.



"I COME TO SHARE MY DREAMS AT HIM."

going to smash it, but when I screamed at him and commenced to shake my dress at him he came over here."

As Jabez Holt went into the meadow and handed Lennox his sketching traps over